

Shelby News

BY HENRI F. MIDDLETON.
VOL. 16:—NO. 46.

(TRUTH AND OUR NATIVE LAND—FEARLESSLY, FAITHFULLY, AND FIRMLY.)
SHELBYVILLE, KY., NOVEMBER 14, 1855.

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WHOLE NO: 826.

The Weekly Shelby News.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Miscellaneous, and General Intelligence, in the largest and most complete weekly newspaper published in the State; and will send (free of postage) to any subscriber, on receipt of the subscription price.

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JOHN W. PRUETT, Esq., is our Agent at Shelbyville, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Shelby News, and to receive and remit for payment of the same.

Mr. S. H. PARVIN, Newspaper Agent, No. 40, 4th street, west of Walnut and Second streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Shelby News, and to receive and remit for payment of the same.

Messrs. CRANE & CO., No. 57, South Third Street, Philadelphia, are our authorized to receive and remit for payment of the Shelby News.

The Pacific Railroad Disaster.—In our last, we mentioned the fact that a horrible disaster had occurred on the Pacific Railroad, between St. Louis and Jefferson City, on the 1st instant. The passengers on the train of cars, were on an excursion to celebrate the opening of the road to Jefferson City. From the "St. Louis News," one of the Editors of which was on the train, and present at the disaster, we copy the following account of the scene:

Thursday was a sad day for St. Louis. A day whose events cast a shadow over every heart, and whose memory will be a bright heart-stone. Thursday morning, at the Seventh Street depot of the Pacific Railroad, a large crowd of happy persons were gathered, prepared for the excursion to Jefferson City, to celebrate the completion of the road to that point. It was a happy time. Gay greetings were spoken, and congratulations were joyously exchanged between friends, who were glad that the day of the disaster was over.

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shudder. Immediately after the accident the heavens grew dark and black as though the night had come. The wind shrieked through the leafless trees; the heavens were rent in twain, and from the crevice gleamed the white lightning, and the hoarse thunder bellowed its cruel mockings at the woe beneath. It seemed as if the elements were holding high carnival over the scene of slaughter.

We cannot, of course, publish the details, without excluding every thing else from this issue. We append the following list of killed and wounded, from the "Intelligencer":

THE DEAD.—Rev. Dr. A. Bullard, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church; J. A. Ross, B. B. Dayton; William L. Church; E. Church; Blackburn; Cyrus Melvin; Mann Butler; Thomas Gray; Calvin Case; E. C. Yost; Henry Chouteau; Thomas S. O'Sullivan; Capt. O'Flaherty; W. L. Lynch; Elisha B. Jeffers; Joseph Harris; Samuel Bass; Patrick Barry; Adolph Ables; Rev. Mr. Teasdale; Baptist Minister; R. M. Dubois; William Hume; George Eberle; T. Jefferson; John; Joseph Finnegan; Mr. McCullough; William Albery; two bodies not identified, and names unknown.

There may be more dead, but we think the above comprises all. Twenty-four of the twenty-nine in the above list, are citizens of St. Louis.

THE WOUNDED.—It has been impossible for us to obtain exact information as to the wounded. Scarcely any on the train, (except, perhaps, in the rear car,) escaped without bruises, or other injuries, more or less severe; but we are of opinion that few, if any, are mortally wounded.

Milton W. Griswold, back broken; D. H. Armstrong, Post Master of St. Louis; Dr. Philip B. Reilly; Wilson Primm; Mr. Geo. K. Budd, Editor Republican; James W. K. Budd; Dr. McLane; Frank Lane; J. McDermott; Joseph Kelly; Mr. Phelps; J. McCullery; Capt. Connelly; John Schuetzer; Edward Colston; J. L. Levi; L. A. Benoit; Judge Thomas; John J. Hoppe; Wayman Crow; Peter Ochman; Mr. Dyson; John C. Krow; William Lindsey; W. H. Tucker; William Grady; John B. Smith; John Keindorfer; E. Court Dubois; George K. McCullough, Jr.; two citizens of Hermann.

It is remarkable that so few of all the crowd on the train were mortally or very seriously wounded. We think the deaths from wounds will probably not exceed one or two in all.

Dr. Cooper, Scott, and George Campbell went up on Friday morning; and rendered very efficient aid to the wounded.

COL. MITCHELL.—It was stated in our paper, on Saturday last, that Col. D. Mitchell was killed. We are glad to learn that he is not dead, but slightly scratched.

Banns.—In Pennsylvania, on the 1st instant, the law went into effect, reviving the law requiring the publication, on two separate Sabbaths, in church, of the banns, before the celebration of marriage.

The Texas Legislature will, it is said, accept the Texas debt bill, notwithstanding the popular majority against it. So says the Galveston "News."

From the New Haven Journal, 23d.

REPORTED KILLING OF AMERICANS IN BRAZIL.—The Mary Emily, at this port from Para; brings accounts of the killing of six Americans in Brazil. A writer says:

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The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest newspaper published in Kentucky. It is published weekly in advance, \$2.50, payable within six months after subscription, at which time all subscriptions will be due and chargeable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1855.

HENRY WARD BEECHER BELOW PAR.—This celebrity has brought down upon himself the just contempt of high minded people. He wanted to raise some money, and hired himself out to a Mr. Wells as a travelling lecturer. The people did not fancy the idea of a distinguished clergyman descending from his pulpit, and leaving himself to a travelling showman, to be exhibited as a Barren exhibited his monkeys and other animals, at so much a sight; and therefore, instead of crowds going to hear Mr. Beecher, his showman found, at Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, etc., a "beggarly account of empty boxes." The consequence is, there has been one grand failure, all around.

A JUDGMENT.—Jas. W. Crofworth, who was formerly a Philadelphia printer, in a Democratic speech delivered at Benicia, California, in 1854, said: "If I ever desert the Democratic party, may my right arm be withered!" In the course of time he became a Know Nothing, and at the election in California last month was elected to the State Senate by a majority of about one hundred votes, and on the very day of the election he fell from his horse and broke his right arm.

We find the above paragraph going the round of the anti-American press. Assuming the statements true—though we are too incredulous to believe them—is it to be understood that in anti-American vocabulary "wither" and "broken" mean the same? If not, how can that be called a "judgment" which was only a casualty? And if it was a judgment on him, for deserting the Democratic party, how did it happen, that the "judgment" was not executed when he did desert the party? But was deferred until after he had been elected to office? Those who so boldly assert, that the breaking of his arm was the judgment he wished, if he deserted the Democratic party, should surely be enabled to say, why the judgment was not executed at the time the act to call it forth was committed; and for what purpose it was deferred for several months, and then executed by means so natural that it seems a terrible stretch of imagination to infer that the breaking of his arm was in answer to his wish that it might wither?

If judgments were the order of the day for lying, we do not think the anti-American papers would long have unbroken necked Editors, if they received their deservings.

Effrontery.—Some of the anti-American papers of this State have the bald effrontery to talk of "the Democracy," warring against the Black Republicans of the North. Do these papers suppose, that the people cannot read, and ascertain for themselves that the Black Republicans elected CHASE, the recent Democratic U. S. Senator from Ohio, Governor of that State?—Can the people not read the avowals of the "Democratic" organ of Ohio—the "Columbus Statesman"—that "the strong Democratic counties all went for CHASE, and elected him," while the American candidate, TRIMBLE, got the National American, the National Whig, and the National Democratic vote? Can the people not see, that the Black Republicans are every where arrayed side by side—cheek by jowl, with the Democracy against the American party?

The fact is, the Black Republicans were organized into a party by the Free Soil Democracy—the Administration party, for the sole purpose of opposing and breaking down the American organization. This is openly avowed in their circulars and in their presses, and by their stump speakers. They call as the "slave oligarchy,"—"the allies of the Southern slave breeders,"—"But the Democracy," the chief ingredients of which are the foreigners and aliens of the country, and the office holders under Pierce,—"are the allies of the Black Republicans. Both stand upon the same platform—the platform of the Van Buren party of 1848-1855,—unremitted and unremitting hostility now and forever to the admission of any more States recognizing the domestic institutions of the South; or to the introduction of negroes as slaves into any of the territories belonging to the United States.

—These are indisputable facts; what arrogant effrontery then, for the anti-American press of Kentucky to prate about the Democracy being engaged in a warfare against the Black Republicans!—As well might they tell the people the British were engaged in a warfare against the French.

THE CROPS IN UTAH.—Dr. Bernhisel, the Delegate to Congress from Utah, who recently arrived in New York, reports a very satisfactory state of things among the Mormons. The Doctor says: During his sojourn in Utah he visited the southern settlements, and expresses himself as being very much gratified with the position of affairs generally. One wing of the State House in Fillmore city was near completed, mills and machinery were being erected, farms and every kind of improvement progressing rapidly; there was a general state of health, and the people seemed to enjoy themselves well. The crops, he informs us, are about as we have before represented them. Wheat will be rather scarce. Buckwheat had been sown, however, after the destruction of the wheat by the grasshopper; it will be a good crop; potatoes and other vegetables will be very plentiful, especially if they should not be injured by early frosts. The Doctor smiled on hearing the reports hereabout starvation; he said that was news to him; they had not dreamed of it there.

AMERICAN PLATE GLASS.—All of our largest size heavy plate glass, has until recently, been imported from Europe; but the secret and the ability to manufacture it are now thoroughly in the hands of American mechanics. It is well known that we have materials far superior to those used in France and Germany for the manufacture of these articles, and there are now two or three very heavy establishments in operation in the United States where an exceedingly beautiful article is manufactured.

Thanksgiving Day.—The following is Gov. MOREHEAD's eloquent recommendation of a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer:

Proclamation.
In periods of public calamity or of abundant prosperity, nations have bowed in humiliation to their Maker. In the first instance to implore His mercy, in the second to offer the sacrifice of grateful hearts for His kindness and protection. Our own beloved Commonwealth has heretofore had peculiar cause to be thankful for His never-ceasing mercy and kindness; and now that the nations of the old world are involved in war, waiting their strength on the battle field, and consuming their substance in maintaining exhausting armies, it especially becomes us to realize and be thankful for the blessings we enjoy.

A wisely organized government protects us in the full and unquestioned enjoyment of our civil, political and religious rights. The mantle of peace rests upon our land—a rich and exhaustless soil rewards the labor of the husbandman—our harvests have been abundant beyond example—plenty reigns at home, and our noble streams and artificial improvements are bearing to distant and less favored regions our large and overflowing surplus—health and happiness pervade the State.

For these and other manifold and inestimable gifts and blessings of Divine Providence, it is meet that as a people our united voices should be raised in thankfulness and praise to the Lord our God, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised."

Wherefore, I, C. S. MOREHEAD, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 23rd day of November, 1855, as a day of General Thanksgiving and Prayer, and do hereby request the people of Kentucky to observe the same as such.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Commonwealth to be affixed, this 5th day of November, 1855, and in the 44th year of the Commonwealth.

C. S. MOREHEAD.

By the Governor, MASON BROWN, Secretary of State.

THE BARDSTOWN GAZETTE.—There are few of our country exchanges we read with more pleasure than we do the "Bardstown Gazette." It is always piquant and interesting; and usually treats its contemporaries with due courtesy and respect, no odds how widely it may differ with them on political questions. But we would suggest towards us, in the issue of the 31st ult.,—where it refers to us, as "the News man,"—is in accordance with editorial courtesy and etiquette? There are anti-American papers in Kentucky whose violations of courtesy are habitual, but heretofore the "Gazette" has been above them, and we hope will continue so.

N. B. in the "Bardstown Gazette" of the 1st inst., we find the following notice of us, which evidences that it was from no disrespect, but rather a slip of the pen, that the expression we except to in the article above found its way into the Gazette:

"We must say that the Shelby News is one of the best country newspapers we receive. We have just been looking more carefully than usual over a number of it, and can but commend the industry, the patient toil, and the judicious ability displayed in its getting up. What a pity its politics are not more liberal and less hide-bound than they are!"

We tender our thanks to the "Gazette" for its praise of our industry, etc. As to politics, we think it is a great pity that the Gazette is so intensely on the wrong track. Our political Americanism is based upon the doctrines and principles of WASHINGTON and his compatriots. If those principles are illiberal and hide-bound, they are so only to those who are in opposition to the genius of our institutions, and the principles upon which they are based.

Note the Admission.—The Richmond Enquirer, the leading Pierce and Wise organ in Virginia,—and which is endeavoring to rally the South to the support of the coalition formed between the Free-soilers of the North, the politicians at Washington, and the Southern Democracy,—in a recent issue says:

"Now, all France and Germany are infidel, socialist, agrarian. England is but little better."—Richmond Enquirer.

We hope this admission will be noted; for (with the exception of Ireland, which is Catholic), it is from these very countries whence come the hordes of foreigners that settle in the United States. We scarcely expected, that the Enquirer,—which has been contending most energetically, that "foreigners are equally capable with Americans of discharging the duties of American citizenship,"—would be so candid as to affirm a fact which needs but to be fully comprehended by the American people to rally every one who is opposed to infidelity, socialism and agrarianism upon the platform of the American party, and in opposition to the anti-American party, whose ranks are led by the "Washington Union," the "Richmond Enquirer," "New York Tribune," "Garrison's Liberator," the "National Era," "Louisville Times" and "Democrat," "Frankfort Yeoman," "Lexington Statesman," &c., as commanded by HENRY A. WISE, GEN. PIERCE, and his Associates, CHASE, DOUGLAS, SUMNER, DIX, WILSON, VAN BUREN, B. L. CLARKE, GIDDINGS, L. W. POWELL, WADE, PRESTON KING, C. A. WICKLIFFE, SAWARD, DAYTON WILSON, and a host of such other political demagogues.

It is plain, we think, that if "all England, France, and Germany, are infidel, socialist, agrarian," the immigrants who come to the U. S. from those countries are "infidels, socialists, agrarians" of necessity. And that such is the fact, is manifest to those who live where these immigrants settle in large bodies. Look at our cities; look at Texas; at those portions of our new States where this class of population abound.—In their midst will infidelity, socialism, and agrarianism be found rampant. And such being the case, with the Richmond Whig we inquire, "whether it is proper that socialists, infidels and agrarians should be admitted to all the rights of American citizenship, just for the asking, and at once? We inquire further, whether it is likely that such infidels, socialists and socialists would make good citizens, or whether they are worthy of being intrusted with office and political power as native born Americans? We submit these questions to the candid consideration of every man of every party in this country, and ask him to say if he regards infidels, socialists and agrarians the right sort of material out of which to manufacture American citizens? If he replies in the affirmative, then there is an end to the controversy between us. If in the negative, then we claim his aid and his influence in behalf of the American party, whose grand distinguishing principle is, that Americans only should rule America, because foreigners in the main are improper persons to intrust with a grave responsibility."

THE NEW YORK PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL says: As we walked the streets of our city, we saw scores of boys from twelve to sixteen years old with their pants buckled very tightly around their disconnected bodies, preventing growth at this rapidly growing age, and the result is a generation of dyspeptic, pale-faced, puny apologies for men.

Mons. GODARD, made a balloon ascension, on the 8th instant, at Louisville, on horseback.

The British Government has made large purchases of gutta percha knapsacks manufactured by the American Gutta Percha Company.

Capt. Geo. R. DAVIDSON, of Frankfort, was in command of one of the companies under Col. WALKER, in his recent expedition, the particulars of which we give in another column.

A call has been issued for the assembling of the National Democratic Committee, at Washington City, on the 8th of January, 1856, to devise arrangements for the ensuing Presidential canvass.

STOCK SALES IN PARIS.—The "Citizen" says the amount of stock offered for sale, on the 5th inst., in Paris, was quite large. Ten auctioneers were kept busy. The aggregate sales, the "Citizen" says, was near or quite \$200,000.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, in a letter to EDWARD CRANDALL, of Pennsylvania, dated October 2d, says, in speaking of Free-soilism:

"If there is anything certain in politics it is (the Free-soil cause) ultimate and permanent success."

And holding these sentiments, he voted the entire Soft Democratic Pierce ticket.

Capt. THOS. STEEL'S, fine Canadian stallion, "Snow Storm," died, on his owner's farm, in Franklin county, on the 30th ultimo. There was no superior breeder, nor a finer looking horse in the State, than Snow Storm.

PENALTY OF CARELESSNESS.—On the 31st ultimo, LEWIS STRICKLETT, of Lewis county, in this State, took down his gun for the purpose of shooting a hog. To ascertain if the gun was loaded he placed his foot on the hammer of the lock while he blew in the muzzle. His foot slipped, the gun was discharged, and the ball passed through the back of his head killing him instantly. His age was about twenty-three years.

The Shelby News is on our table for the first time in a long while. The Volunteer has not made its appearance since some time in April and we fear its editor is now wearing crapes. Will Mr. Middleton let us know how the matter stands!—*Maysville Express.*

Well, we can assure the "Express" that "The Shelby News" is mailed regularly to it. As to the "Volunteer," when we can get time to go over to Shelbyville, Indiana, we will inquire "how the matter stands!"

GEORGIA.—The Legislature of Georgia assembled on the 5th. Mr. BAILEY was elected Speaker of the Senate, and Mr. STILES, Speaker of the House; both Democrats. The Governor's message sent in on Tuesday, is very voluminous, and chiefly devoted to State matters, and recommends the Legislature to call a State Convention, in case Congress rejects the application of Kansas for admission into the Union, on the grounds of its being a slave-holding State; in which case the Governor advises the dissolution of the Union, but earnestly hopes that the patriots of the North will avoid such a calamity.

AMERICANIZED CATHOLIC CHURCH.—A letter appears in the "Troy papers from the congregation of St. Peter's church, of that city, which embodies a petition to the Bishop of Albany, which he declined to accept.—The congregation therefore appeal to their "individual sovereignty," and elect trustees to manage their affairs in accordance with the laws of New York. The petition to the Bishop stated that the church would raise a revenue of \$6,000 per annum, to be placed in the hands of three trustees, to be chosen by the congregation. The people close their letter by saying that they "have determined to elect a board of trustees, and abide by the consequences."

The Missing Aeronaut.—Nothing has been heard of Mr. WINCHESTER, the gentleman who ascended in a balloon from Norwalk, Ohio, on the 1st ultimo. Mr. JONAS WISE, the veteran aeronaut, thinks he descended in Lake Erie, and was drowned. The Cincinnati Times, gives what it thinks may be a clue to mystery. On the day succeeding the ascension, a merchant on Main street informed the Editor, that probably one hundred and fifty persons had collected in the neighborhood of his store to look at some aerial passenger; which at first appeared to be a bird of enormous size, but, after fixing a strongly magnifying telescope upon the object, the opinion was expressed and concurred in by the large number who used the telescope, that it was a balloon, and all were agreed also that it was a wreck, floating about at the mercy of the wind.

PANTALOONS WITHOUT SUSPENDERS.—Professor La Borde, of South Carolina College, in his recent work on Physiology, says:

As the woman has concluded to dispense with shoulder straps, some men, especially in the city, have thought they would prove pantaloons can be worn without suspenders. The men now strut the streets with their pantaloons tightly buttoned, side by side with the women, whose skirts or petticoats are firmly bound around their persons. Upon a fair view the evil is the same in both cases—pressure upon the vital organs, impairment of their proper action, want of development, deformity, disease and premature death.

The New York Phrenological Journal says:

As we walked the streets of our city, we saw scores of boys from twelve to sixteen years old with their pants buckled very tightly around their disconnected bodies, preventing growth at this rapidly growing age, and the result is a generation of dyspeptic, pale-faced, puny apologies for men.

PRESIDENTIAL.—The "Georgia Citizen" hints the name of Hon. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, of this State, for President, and that of Hon. JERE. CLEMENS, of Alabama, for Vice President.

To Friends.—We renew the request we made a few weeks since, that friends in this county, and in others, would communicate to us all local items of interest; and send us communications on agricultural and other subjects. The Shelby News is daily winning for itself more and more the confidence of the people, not only at home, but abroad; and we intend to spare no labor, nor—as far as our ability will permit—expense, to retain the enviable position it has reached, and make it beyond controversy, the best family paper in the West.

Correspondence of The Shelby News.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 8, 1855.

To the Editor of The Shelby News:

DEAR SIR: We breakfasted at home, in Shelby, on Monday morning, and on Tuesday morning, at our breakfast here, losing three hours in Louisville; and thus were introduced to the "Young America" we had read of, but whose residence we entered for the first time; and we must say it out, we liked the young gentleman so well that we felt most anxious to invite him to a soiree in old Kentucky. But finding the only music acceptable to his ears was the steam whistle; and his particular abomination, the plaintive notes of the Kentucky stage-horn, performing the popular State melody of

"Take your time, Miss Lucy," we concluded not to give the invitation, until it can be done on a card, reading

LOUISVILLE AND KNOXVILLE

RAILROAD

CARS GO THROUGH IN SIX HOURS!

We left Louisville at 3 1/2 p.m. Monday afternoon, and were soon flying through a country eminently adapted to the raising of telegraph, hoop, and tad poles; to shakes and hard living; if the tallow hue of the inhabitants could be relied on.—Passing over the better portion of Indiana by night, we, at day-break next morning, found ourselves in Michigan City; where the eye sought in vain for a green spot to rest upon, and the foot sinks ankle deep, in the light yellow sands that the lake winds fill the streets with,—banking them up in great drifts; now upon this side, now upon that; most tiresome to look and tread upon.—In two hours more, we were running through the lake in front of the city of the three G's, viz: the "Garden," the "Great City," and the "Go-ahead City," and truly all the titles, but the first, are well applied.

High as were the expectations we had formed, in regard to the rush of business at Chicago, (Yankee, See-cab-go) they were far exceeded, by every walk, and ride, over its crowded thoroughfares, bridges, and docks,—the vast and numerous depots full of produce, the great number of vessels unloading, reloading, in its docks; the mingling of Chicago river, from the lake through the centre of the town, branching off to the right and the left, as admirably for the wants of a commercial depot, as if its waters had been directed by the hand of man, to each avenue of trade. Then the numerous trains upon sixteen railroads, and their numerous tributaries, laden with the rich stores of the boundless region on every side, that in all its vastness, yet pours in but a tithe of its capabilities; the whistle of locomotives, arriving and departing at all hours of day and night; all contrasting so immeasurably with our own old foggy, boggy village of Louisville, where a few wren drives and wagon drays, to impress us with the idea, that the trade of the great West was concentrating there about pork time, but whose business we fear will fast concentrate down to nothing, unless she begins to use something besides paper to build her schemes upon, and sets steam to work instead of wind.

—Can there be chloroform in our atmosphere? Really, it would be well to analyze it. The Kentuckian here is all energy, enterprise, and go-ahead; at home, he is full of gentlemanly lore.—Here he outstrips and out-travels and out-thrives Jonathan "New York," and the hull on "em." He is the keenest lot jobber, and the wealthiest. He buys lots at prices so high, that the papers, under the caption of "Kentuckians picked up," poke fun at the "green horn;" and in less than a year, he sells said lots to his quizzers, at an immense profit. He is taking the lead in all great new projects; is the owner of immense pine forests in the far north of Wisconsin, and is shipping them, in plank, to build up the northwestern cities. He is awake there, and nothing around him slumbers. He thinks of his old home—his paradise of all the world, "old Kentucky," he thinks of her all fruitful soil, so lavish in return for every seed sown upon her fair bosom; and sighs as he feels that her soil won't grow steam engines, while the low, flat, wet, sandy, gravelly, inky, soil around him is so prolific of them.—That it can raise steam engines, and steam engines raise wheat, and he rightly begins to think the best field in the world to sow any crop upon is a railroad.

Rents are enormously high: \$800 to \$2,000, being the annual rent of stores very much inferior to any of our Shelbyville stores; yet they say business justifies these rates. In the crowded hotels you hear of nothing but "outside lots" and "inside lots," "river fronts" and "lake fronts." Almost out of view of the town you are shown lots 25 by 125 feet, a "splendid spec." at \$400 to \$700, on any length of time; provided a small proportion is paid in cash, and 10 percent interest on balance. Lotte change hands rapidly, and doubtless pass a dozen times before the first of the dozen purchasers has made the second payment. Thus a thousand dollars in Chicago lot gambling will stretch over an immense desolation of property, and should a very severe commercial panic shake the west, will by such stretch become invisible. Yet Chicago is unquestionably destined to become a great city. Situated, in regard to shipping all the produce of the West to Europe through the Welland Canal, into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, at prices New York cannot compete with, and with thousands of miles of fertile country around her, a tenth of which scarcely cultivated, crowds Chicago with over business, what must she become, as each other tenth is secured, and she produces that now overburdens her railroads and shipping? And the settlers are pouring in fast from all quarters of the world, and "Young America" welcomes them all. Yours, X. Y. Z.

Agricultural Essays, Eminence Fair, &c.

To the Editor of The Shelby News:

FRIEND MIDDLETON—I am pleased to see you offering the columns of your valuable paper for the dissemination of useful knowledge for Agriculturists; and at the same time calling upon the farmers of our county, for their practical experience in the production of our various crops, and management of stock, farms, &c.

I have no doubt, my dear sir, you think this communication, will be in answer to your call. But no: It is only joining you in calling upon those who are able to give information upon such subjects. I truly wish I were capable of clothing the few ideas I have, in readable style—I would give them. I have thought, sir, if the farmers of our county would organize themselves into clubs, and meet once a month, and give each other the results of their experiments made, and report said results and discussions to the Editor of "The Shelby News," it would, beside making "The News" the most interesting Agricultural sheet in the West, be of incalculable benefit to our farmers.

Our model Agricultural and Mechanical Association at Eminence, a few years since awarded a premium of \$10 for the best Essay upon the culture and management of a corn crop; which brought forth some practical remarks from various writers. At the next meeting of the Association, it was suggested by a member, that, as the ground had been very well occupied by former Essays upon the culture of corn, that the next premium be awarded for the best Essay upon the various crops, the raising of stock, management of the farm, &c., and of course a resolution to that effect. This move was ably advocated by one of the board. But, from various causes, the resolution was voted down, and a substitute offered, which passed—awarding a premium of \$5 for another Essay upon the corn crop. Some probably were moved to vote for the reduction of the size of the premium, from fear of disparaging the talents and services of the "Darkey" who feeds a bullock, by giving a premium of equal value to the lazy scamp of a theorist, for an Essay, written without much manual labor.—Others, we presume, voted from principle—who can never vote for a premium being awarded, which they know can never be obtained by themselves. Others, again, no doubt, thought that if the premium was reduced, the theorist would be thrown out, and none but the most plain and practical farmer would compete for so small a premium; and we would obtain, in due time, the best *modus operandi* for raising—Pumpkins!

If the Association would award a premium of \$10, for the best Essay, of a certain length, upon the cultivation, and management of corn, the raising of stock, &c., and \$5 for the second best, we might expect to receive both theory and practice. All productions, competing for premiums, should be, by the committee, handed over to the tender mercies of the Editor of "The Shelby News." Premium Essays, if worthy, should be printed,—without fee. Others,—giving the writers the privilege of withholding their names,—should be printed entire, garbled, condensed, or burnt, at the option of the Editor.—There is no fear of his taking anything into his stomach without tea, that will not digest. If some such course be pursued by the Association, among the many visible improvements made by it, the results of the above would not, we think be the least.

Speaking of our noble Association at Eminence, of the good derived from it, and its character abroad, we may well be proud of it. And if our worthy President and Board of Directors, would see, that there was a strict and impartial enforcement of the constitution and laws of the Association, in forbidding the drinking of spirits upon the Fair Grounds; and, as far as practicable, put a stop to public gaming, and hard swearing before ladies, we would then have the *modus operandi* of the West. It would be a pity that the many good results of our Association should be at the sacrifice of one moral virtue.

Now, my dear Middleton, if you can see anything in this communication, or can make anything out of it, worthy of presenting to your readers, it is at your service. Dear sir, believe me to be, as usual, Yours, &c. PLOUGHSHARE.

British Fleet on our Shores.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, telegraphs under date of Monday, November 5th, as follows:

The Administration is profoundly excited by an article in the London Telegraph, of October 19th, transmitted by the legation at London, announcing that the following ships-of-war have been ordered to North America and the West India stations:—The Pembroke, sixty, screw-ship; for Bermuda; the Cornwallis, sixty, screw-ship; for Bermuda; the Russell, sixty, screw-ship; the Awa, sixty, screw-ship; the Hastings, sixty, screw-ship; to reinforce the North American and West India stations. The Powerful, eighty-four sailing-ship, for Jamaica; the Rossmore, six, paddle sloop, for the North American station. The editors ask: "What does this portend? If we were at war with the United States, we should hardly have a stronger fleet there." The article closes thus:—"A quarrel with the United States would cost us twenty millions of trade annually, and at the end of the war, we should leave off without anything settled, and with the loss of the Canadas, the lower or maritime Provinces and the wheat fields. But a toolery of this kind must not be permitted; and if there be a tendency in that direction, we must have parliament summoned as soon as possible. Meantime, we point attention to the fact of such an armament being sent off to the shores of the United States, and ask, as the American ambassador will of course find it his duty to do, for what British purposes has the sending of such an expedition become necessary."

A regular telegraphic despatch from Washington, says that Mr. Appleton, our Charge d'Affaires at London, has transmitted despatches to the State Department, announcing the ordering of a large British fleet to our coast. The French West India fleet has also been augmented.

[The London Times has a thundering article on American affairs, the most important item of which will be found in the foreign news by the Asia.] This explains the mystery: England is really alarmed at the idea of an expedition of filibustering Irish setting out from our shores to redeem, regenerate and disenfranchise the "old country." We did not think that the English government was so foolish and weak as to believe in and fear this Irish expedition. We venture to believe that not one person in five, in the United States, knows that such a thing was ever thought of.

A ray of light to the understanding is better than a volume committed to memory.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—The Cashier of the Augusta Branch of the Bank of the State of Georgia sends the "Carolina Advocate," for description, a \$50 counterfeit bill, which is so near a fac simile of the genuine as to deceive persons accustomed to handling the money. The signatures are perfect; the numbering, the date and the word Augusta poorly done. The engraving is rather coarse, and the paper is thick and yellowish. The genuine are on much thinner and finer paper, and most those now in circulation have red backs; those without such backs having been mostly redeemed by the bank.

Squirrels are making their usual "seventh year" migration, and are said to be destroying the mast in the mountains as they go. Some have reached this section and hunters are quite successful in securing "full bags."—*Marysville Eagle.*

New Grenada! Col. Walker, again Victorious!—The Capital Captured!

New York Nov. 5.—The Steamship Star of the West, from San Juan, reached her wharf Saturday evening. She brings 300 passengers and 272,650 in gold. She brings from San Francisco as to the 5th, the same as brought by the George Law. She connected with the steamer Uncle Sam. Her passengers were detained nine days on the Isthmus, in consequence of the existing political troubles. Don Finta May, the late Secretary of State, had been detected in his correspondence with the enemy outside of the city. He was shot at Grenada on the 22d.

Col. Walker, having been reinforced by a small party of Californians, on the 12th ult., embarked at Virgin Bay, on board the steamer Virgin, and before daylight next morning landed within four miles of Grenada. After a rapid advance the little army reached the city, and had manned the plaza without encountering any serious resistance, when a sharp contest ensued, which resulted in a loss to the enemy of 15 killed and several wounded, and Gen. Walker took possession of the capital of Nicaragua. Subsequently the fort was captured by a detachment of Americans.

On the 19th Col. Fry and Parker H. French with sixty men embarked on board the Virgin, which also carried the passengers and specie from California, with the intention of capturing San Carlos. The occupants of the fort, however, fired upon the steamer with cannon, and the expedition was abandoned, Col. Fry being unwilling to risk the lives of passengers.

Order having been restored, the citizens of Grenada held a public meeting and tendered Gen. Walker the Presidency of the Republic, which, however, he declined in favor of Gen. Carral.

Colonel Wheeler, our minister in Central America, after much solicitation, proceeded to Rivas with propositions of peace. Arriving at Rivas and learning that Gen. Carral was absent, Col. Wheeler attempted to return, but was prevented by the Governor, and detained two days; nor was he released until the town was threatened with an attack. The breach of faith on the part of Carral's forces led to a spicy correspondence between our Minister and the General.

On the 23d, Carral surrendered, a treaty of peace was formed, and thus Walker's victory became complete. During the progress of these events others of importance were transpiring. On the 22d, the steamer conveying the outward bound passengers of the Star of the West, was fired upon from the fort with a 32 pound shot, which struck the boat, killing a lady and child, and seriously injuring the machinery.

Previous to this, an attack was made upon the returning Government forces, when five persons were killed and eight others wounded.

FURTHER DETAILS.—Col. Walker's filibustering operations in Nicaragua appeared to be attended by success, if the accounts of his partisans are to be believed. But whether they are or not they have brought innocent travellers into difficulty, and even caused the death of some.

On the 6th of October Walker seized the steamer La Virgin, as she came into Virgin Bay, and detained her until the arrival of his party, when he proceeded to Grenada, (after permitting the Transit Company to land her freight), which he captured after the loss of ten men. The Grenadians proposed to make him President, but he declined, and suggested that Carral be appointed for the unexpired term of one month.

Wheeler, the American minister, went to see President Carral at the instance of the leading people of Grenada. It is said, to establish a peace between Walker and him, but that functionary refused to permit him to return until two days after, when Walker had gone down to St. George with the Virgin and fired some heavy guns which frightened Carral terribly.

Walker then went to San Carlos, and sending a boat ashore, demanded the surrender of the place. This was declined.—The captain of the Virgin, who carried the demand for a surrender, was taken prisoner and a fire opened upon the steamer. A detachment of riflemen was sent ashore, but a heavy rain coming on, further operations were abandoned, and Col. Walker went away in the Virgin. About an hour after she left, the steamer San Carlos arrived with the passengers from New York. She was hailed from the fort, but had not let go her anchor more than five minutes, when she was fired upon; an eighteen-pound shot struck the steamer, which passed through the upper deck, instantly killing Mrs. Alex. White, of Clinton, Alameda county, Ala., and took off both legs of her child, which died five or six hours after.

LEFT OR KILLED AT VIRGIN BAY, Oct. 18, 1855. John Boyd, of Wayne county, Indiana, body robbed of \$700. Wm. Howard, of Lexington, Missouri, robbed of several thousands. Henry B. Davis, of Vernon, Van Buren county, Iowa; robbed of over \$2,000. Two reported unknown.

WOUNDED AT VIRGIN BAY.—Wm. Fitts, of Toyon Factory, Chatanooga county, Georgia, left shoulder fractured, has since died. Cornelius Cross, Booneville, Cooper county, Missouri, gun shot in right hip, will recover. R. B. Henry, West Branch county, Missouri, gun shot entering anus and coming out outside of rectum muscle, will recover. Thos. Williams, Philadelphia, Pa., bayonet in shoulder and arms and heavy blow on his head with breach of gun, will recover. Charles Stanwood, Lowell, Mass., gun shot through biceps, not serious.

Foreign News.
HALIFAX, Nov. 7, P. M.—By the arrival of the Asia from Liverpool we have dates to the 27th of October.

The report that the Russians had blown up Fort Nicholas, Ortschakoff and other fortifications is confirmed. Advances from Sevastopol show that the Allies are advancing in a strong force and that the Russians are falling back in good order upon their fortified positions. The Allies were close upon the Russian position at Albat, where it was thought that they must make a stand, in which case a battle is inevitable. The Russians on the north side keep up a constant fire upon Sevastopol, under cover of which they were withdrawing their troops and concentrating them upon Perekop.

A Russian despatch, dated the 23d, says the Allies had marched 40,000 troops from Eupatoria to Toulon, but afterwards fell back on observing the Russian Landers on their left.

A late St. Petersburg despatch says the whole militia has been ordered to the reinforcement of the army of the South, under Gen. Luders. The Czar left Nicolief for Elizavograd, one hundred miles north. Majors Delaford and Morfiera and Captain McCallan, American officers, had arrived in the allied camp. The Allied troops officially reported in the Crimea, including the sick, amount to 210,000.

The attitude of Sweden is regarded at St. Petersburg with much uneasiness.

FROM THE BALTIC.—The English fleet was near Nargin, preparing to leave the gun-boats, and the

The Garland.

A DREAM OF EARLY YOUTH.

Within my spirit's depths there lingers yet,
A sweet dream, I never can forget;
A dream, my silent life has never told,
A tale to me, they never shall unfold.

Of all that sorrow hath my heart bereft,
One hope of other days to me is left,
Of all time's visions brighter far than these,
One blessed dream still remains my own.

Exchanged still sheds a ray of sparkling light,
That through the darkness only seems more bright,
The hope of other days seems yet to beam
Upon me, when I think of that bright dream.

The time has passed of oblivion cast,
O'er all the wild emotions of the past,
As faded leaves their fragrance oft retain,
On memory's page, ever must remain.

The star that in my joyous childhood shone,
Shines yet, though now, alas! it shines alone!
Forever in the records of the past,
Shall dwell that dream, the brightest and the last.

Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

Twice Loving.

By V. F. TOWNSEND.

"Fleming had already lived through the Olive Age."

—Hesperus.

"Wilton, don't you ever intend to get married? I declare, I'm quite in despair about you. Here you are, thirty six years old next February, and a confirmed old bachelor! Why, you ought to have a wife and two or three fine second editions by this time. Just think of all the trouble I've had about you too! Rides in the country and promenades in the city; visits at home and parties abroad, all to no purpose. It provokes me to think of it. Once for all, Wilton Hughes, do you intend to live and die an old bachelor?"

"And the lady, still young and blooming put down with an air of desperation the jewel case with which her fingers had been playing and confronted the gentleman who sat opposite her."

"He, too, laid down his paper, but with an air of languid sang froid, which was particularly irritating, for dinner was just over, and Wilton Hughes always devoted the next half hour to politics and bank stocks."

"Really, Sara," he replied and his coolness was in a strange contrast with his sister's vehemence. "I cannot answer you, for whether I shall depart from this life in a state of single or double blessedness is still an indefinite matter to myself. You shall be apprised of my decision when I make it. Meantime, my dear sister, I recommend that you give yourself no further uneasiness on the subject."

"You are the most provoking being alive, Wilton," ejaculated the lady as she rose up. "I believe you are as heartless as you are sarcastic, and I shall never put another woman in danger of breaking her heart for you. And the rustic of Mrs. Hill's brown silk was an emphatic premonition of her anger as she swept indignantly from the apartment."

Wilton Hughes leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes. Now his sister there all alone, his face brought into fine relief by the dark velvet cushioning, we will look at it; for his countenance is something more than a work of art, and yet it will win upon you strangely. The features are too long and thin for masculine beauty; the forehead is broad and thick masses of hair about it; the lips are thin, and in repose stern and grave; by you should see them when they are in the light of one of his smiles. "Thirty six next February?" his sister said. You never believe he was more than twenty eight, looking into his face.

"But as the man sits there, his thoughts wander off on a long journey. It may be his sister's words—it may be the dim quiet of the room—have started them on a path which reaches away over the grave yards of many dead and buried years, to a far country—the land of his youth."

It is an old farm house that he sees now; the sloping roof is covered with moss, and in the spring the weeds take root among the eaves and make a long rank fringe on the edge of the garden. He has not seen the old home since that night when he learned, "look! how the old, proud man's mouth quivers, and his fingers clutch the paper, for that night has come out to meet him. It was "laid away, and locked up," he thought, where it would never find a path into the present, but now, as some old friend—over whose death we have wept and prayed—comes back and takes our hand, and the seat by our side, and looks into our eyes with the old smile, and whispers, "It was all false; it was not dead!"

So this night came back, like a living presence, and took its seat by Wilton Hughes. He saw her again, the only woman who had ever troubled the depths of his soul, as he saw her then, with her shining golden hair, and her hazel eyes, as sweet a picture as ever the heart of man framed and housed up in the past. They had just returned from a long ride in the country, and they stood by the gate. He had assisted her to alight, and still retain her little fingers in his own.

A young moon was mounting over the forest, and the light lay soft and end in the hollows and along the road side.

He was only nineteen then, and it was the tenth of July! His heart would keep those two dates till it took up the last one—Eternity.

He remembered long, standing there, he leaned down to her, and putting away the cluster of curls under her bonnet, said, "I shall not be here again till the hollows are as full of snow and the sun is now of moonlight. May God take care of you during it; and oh! you will be true to me, my Mary!"

She looked up to him, her dear eyes shining fondly through her tears. "Wilton!"—how the memory of her voice thrilled his heart—"Wilton, you may trust me! and it was not the words so much as the look, which filled his soul with such trust, that if an angel had spoken from Heaven he would have believed no more fully. He remembered the last kiss, and that his eyes were dim as he sprang into the carriage,—it was the last time he ever saw Mary, or the red house with the weeds growing on its edge.

He had never blamed her—not even when the blind darkness of the great sorrow settled upon the morning of his life—when he learned that she was another's and his heart grew dead within him.

He knew she was true, and that was a great blessing; for friends had deceived her, and she went to the altar, believing that Wilton was false to her.

Mary's family was a poor and proud one; so was Wilton's.

When the rich man came and laid his wealth and social elevation at the feet of the country girl, her parents looked off on the little yellow cottage, which was Wilton's home, and said, "Our child shall be the wife of the rich man!" But Mary was true, God bless her! and there was a long web of deceit and falsehood woven about her heart before she yielded to their entreaties. He learned all too late.

And then Wilton Hughes went out into the world, and did good battle with it. He educated himself; he elevated his family; and at thirty-five he was a rich man.

He had but two sisters; and when his parents died they came to the city and married rich men. Proud, fashionable, elegant women they were—admired their brother, because the world did so, and yet dreaming little of the spring of poetry, whose clear waters gushed through and kept green the heart, so hidden from them, they called him odd, not less fastidious, and could not understand why he was so indifferent to women, with whom his graceful, half-indolent manner made him an especial favorite.

Wilton Hughes lived with his sister,—Mrs. Hill. She was the younger and perhaps he loved her the better of the two. But there was no sympathy between them. He was a mystery, and a very provoking one, sometimes to her; and she was to him like a book which one admires for the elaborate binding and gilded edges, but knows there is but little inside after all.

And so Wilton Hughes sat there alone in his sister's drawing-room that winter afternoon, and the old years came up softly and sang a sweet song to him—a song of youth, and love, and hope—and he found after all, that the past still kept some pearls with which to quiver the present.

It was quite late when he came back again to the paper and arm chair; and he smiled a sweet half-mournful smile to himself as he looked at his watch and murmured:

"What time steals these revivings are! I guess I'll finish up those letters, and not go out till after supper."

It was a raw winter night. Wilton Hughes stepped back for his umbrella, for he knew, as the wind met his face, it was going ready to snow.

When he returned he found a young girl trying to close the door with the teeth of the wind, and looking ruefully out into the thick darkness. She was slender, and had pale delicate features; that was all he could make out by the light glass opposite, but her youth and timidity appealed to his heart at once. Besides, it was not a night on which a young and unprotected girl should be alone.

"Mrs. Hill is not in this evening," he said to the girl, supposing she had come down on some errand to his sister. "Have you been waiting long?" She looked at him and then turned away. "I have been waiting for Mrs. Hill to-day, sir," answered the girl; and somehow, her soft sweet voice thrilled the heart that was yet quivering to the old memory tune. "It took me longer to finish the work than I thought it would; but I had no idea it was so dark." And she shuddered as she looked down the street.

"Perhaps our paths lie in the same direction; it is not safe for you to go alone. I am Mrs. Hill's brother; will you allow me to accompany you?" asked the gentleman.

She turned, and looked earnestly at him for a moment. It was a very fair, almost childish face that dwelt in that plain straw bonnet.

"Yes, sir," answered the girl eagerly. "I shall be very grateful for your company, for I am a sad coward."

They had proceeded but a short distance when the wind sprang up fiercer and stronger, and then, whirling up the yesterday's snow, and shouting along the street.

Wilton's companion stopped suddenly, and gasped. "Oh! I cannot go further. The wind takes away my breath. It all ways does."

"Don't be afraid, my child. I shall take care of you. Hold your shawl before your face, and keep fast to me. There it's going down. We will proceed."

"What should I have done if it had not been for you?" she should never have reached my home, never in the world." And she spoke, the gentleman heard the throbbing of the little coward heart against his arm.

"You should never venture out alone again on such a night," replied Wilton. "Have you no friend to come for you?"

"No, sir," she answered mournfully; "my mother died two years ago. She was the only relation I had on earth."

"Poor child! Involuntarily the gentleman's hand closed over that which lay on his arm, for helplessness made her seem to him like a child."

"And with whom do you live now?"

"With a Mrs. Mason, who was a friend of my mother's after she came from England. We went there when I was a little girl, and papa lost his property, and died there. It was only twelve when we came back. It is four years. Mamma lived two of these, and I was taking drawing lessons, and expecting to teach, when she was taken ill. After she died, I lived a year with Mrs. Mason, and then the money we brought from England was all gone. I learned to do plain sewing of Mrs. Mason's niece. I am hoping some time to lay by money enough to take drawing lessons again."

"This simple epitome of the past was murmured among the wind pauses, in a low, sweet voice that seemed to Wilton Hughes like music he had heard long ago."

"May I enquire your mother's name?"

"Wilton stood still. It was the one name burned into his soul. Just then the wind beat up hoarser, madder than before. He did not hear it, for the louder wind that was driving through his hair."

"The girl clung to him and shuddered. It was the first thing that aroused him. "Don't be frightened," he said soothingly; "we are almost home, I think, from your description. Your mother and I were old acquaintances."

"They were talking on a garden. She looked up in unexpressed surprise. "If you please tell me your name?"

"Wilton Hughes! Did your mother ever speak of it?"

"Oh, yes! I am so glad! How very strange! I sent a letter for you the very day she died, and told me to be sure and keep it till I found you. Here we are at home! You will come in, Mr. Hughes, and get the letter!"

He did not answer her, but he followed the light footsteps into the small brown house.

The girl entered the parlor. It was plainly but decently furnished. An old but very pleasant looking woman sat by the small cylinder stove, and a lamp was burning on the table.

"Lena, I have been so worried about you," said the old woman, and then stopped suddenly on seeing a stranger.

"It is mother's old friend Mr. Hughes. You remember, Mrs. Mason," said Lena as she ushered the gentleman into the parlor.

Mrs. Mason received him with rapturous expressions of delight. But as Lena threw off her bonnet, and came into the light, he could only think of her. The large hazel eyes, the fair, pure features, were so like those his early marriage had loved, that he longed to draw the sewing girl to his heart, and rain down kisses upon them. Lena's father had bequeathed her hair and lashes their thick darkness, and given the proud curve to her lips in their repose; but in all else she was like her mother.

Wilton's eyes followed the girl as she left the room, and he vainly tried to answer Mrs. Mason's inquiries with anything but monosyllables.

In a moment Lena returned and laid the letter in his hand. How it shook as he opened it! There were but a few words, traced, evidently, by a faltering hand. So ran the letter:

"My beloved Wilton: I am dying to-day, but must be the words I can say to you. Ten years ago, holding my father's dying hand in mine I learned all. We were both the victims. Thank God, your heart was as true as my own. Wilton my child is fatherless and motherless, and I have none with whom to leave her. I give her to you, though I know not where you are, whether married or single, for I have never heard from you since."

"I can hardly see the lines, and I know the darkness that is coming over them is death. To-morrow I shall be at home, and when this comes to you, you will take care of Lena, for the sake of Mary."

Wilton read this letter through; and then the proud man leaned his arms on the table, and burying his head there, sobbed like a very unmanly child of his tearful listeners.

I cannot tell all which took place that evening in Mrs. Mason's little parlor; but when Wilton Hughes had risen to leave, he put aside Lena's thick curls, and, looking in her face, said very tenderly:

"My child never go out to another day's sewing. Your mother has given you to me. I will take good care of you."

A month had passed.

"What is the reason that Wilton never stays at home now a days?" said Mrs. Hill to her dull but very stately husband on one of those frequent evenings which they were passing along together. "He used to be away quite too much, I thought; but now we never get a glimpse of him till eleven. Do, Charles, hand me that magazine."

"Perhaps he's out courting; eh, Sara?" suggested the gentleman as he passed the pamphlet to his wife.

"Nonsense; it's nothing of that kind," replied the lady quickly, for she had no great confidence in her husband's discriminating faculties. "I'd give him a lecture for leaving me so, but then, what good would it do?"

If Mrs. Hill could have known the new life which the heart of her brother had been living, she would have been a different woman. She had looked into Mrs. Mason's little parlor that evening it would have greatly modified her remarks.

Wilton Hughes had passed his evenings with Lena Arnold, and his soul had drunk again of the golden goblet of his youth.

Lena was so child like, so unaffected that it was a joy to the world-weary man to be with her.

He might have been married years before, but his sister's fondness and frivolity had sickened his heart of these excursions; and then they would never leave him alone, but were always trying to palm off some woman upon him as false and vain as themselves.

"But, Lena! Lena! She had taken him back to the golden dream of his youth, and he sat watching her to-night as she stood by the table, her graceful head leaning over the drawing he had brought her, her dark eyes beaming bright through their long heavy lashes."

"Lena," said he at last, "will you come and sit down by me, for I have something to say to you?"

She came with a smile, half curious, half confiding, for Lena had learned to know Wilton very well during that month.

"Lena," he said, striking the little hand he had taken in his, and looking into his clear blue eyes, "do you love me any?"

"Love you any?" answered the girl with that frankness which contact with the world had never taught her to conceal; "to be sure I do. Were you not my mother's best friend, and are you not my own now? Oh! I love you better than any one in the world, Mr. Hughes!"

"Well enough to be my wife, Lena?"

She sprang up in her wild astonishment, and her cheeks were incarnadined with blushes.

"I your wife! You do not mean it, Mr. Hughes?"

He put his arms around her.

"Yes, Lena, I should not just on such a subject. Twenty years lie between us, and my hairs may be growing gray while your cheek still keeps the bloom of youth."

"Shall you love me less because I loved your mother first—because I shall be old before you, Lena?"

"No, no. I was not thinking of that; only I am so different; I know so little, and I am so unfitted to be your wife."

"I am in no hurry, Lena. You are right in thinking you are too young to marry now. I will wait for you as long as I can, and I will not trammel your girl life with any engagement which gratulate might induce you to make me. You shall be free, and you shall pass the intervening three years at one of the best schools in the Union."

"The pride of Lena's father and the delicacy of her mother rose in her answer."

"But to be so dependent before I am married! Forgive me, but I cannot bear the thought of it, Mr. Hughes."

"I have looked out for all that, my Lena. The gentleman at whose school I would place you desires an assistant in drawing. In two months you can be this, and your self-defray your expenses."

"How can I thank you?" said Lena, with a burst of happy tears. "How I will study, so you shall not be ashamed of me when I am—"

She did not finish the sentence; but before she buried her burning face on his shoulder, she had cast a glance through her swimming eyes, and told Wilton Hughes that she loved him.

Three years had passed. Wilton had just returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hill from their annual visit to Saratoga. Martha, his eldest sister, rode up the next day to welcome them home.

"I hear you've had an unusually gay season at the Springs," said the lady. "Was Wilton as indifferent as ever to the beauties he found there, Sarah?"

"Yes, just, Martha. I have given him up now. He's a confirmed old bachelor."

"No, he isn't either," said the gentleman in question, coming in from the next room, where he had overheard these remarks; "and to prove this to you, I expect to be married, Providence permitting, four weeks from this day!"

"To whom? To whom?" cried both the ladies as they sat down pale with astonishment.

"Do you remember, Sarah, a young girl, a Miss Arnold, who some three years ago had plain sewing for you a few days? She is to be my wife."

"Wilton Hughes!" shrieked both the horrified ladies; "will you so disgrace yourself and your family? We will never, never receive her—never speak to her!"

"Martha! Sarah! be still!" The tones were so stern and commanding, that even the proud women yielded to them. "Listen to me," and Wilton sat down and told

the sisters the story of his youth—of his love for Mary Willis, and of the lie that had made her another's, and how his heart had held that one memory in silence and tenderness for so many years.

Then he told them of the winter night and his meeting with her child, and thus he concluded.

"Whether you receive or reject my wife, is a matter perfectly optional with yourselves; but, remember, she is never to be insulted in my presence." And he left them.

Wilton's words had reached the woman's heart of his sisters. There was something of truth and beauty in this deep, long enduring love which spoke to their souls through all the pride and false shame which had overgrown them.

They had been their playmate in the days they had since blushed to remember, and her sweet face came back to them once more, and in that better moment they said:

"There is no use in finding fault with him; and, after all, his love has been very beautiful. She will be his wife, and we will receive her as such."

And they did not alter their determination when Wilton brought Lena to them; and they looked upon her, graceful and virginal in all her bridal beauty; for she was happy as few wives are in the husband who had first loved her mother.

MILK COWS AND ESCUTCHEONS.—Perhaps it may not be generally known to farmers and dairymen that there are always infallible marks upon a cow, whereby the quantity of milk she will give may be accurately determined, and also the length of time she will continue to give milk.

This valuable discovery was made a few years ago by M. Francis Guenon, of Libourne, France, who has written a small work fully illustrating and explaining the theory. This work has been translated, with introductory remarks and observations on the cow and the dairy, by John S. Skinner. Any person can procure a copy of this work by mail, prepaid, by enclosing forty cents in cash or post-office stamps to C. M. Saxton & Co., New York. We copy the following on the subject of Guenon's theory from the Prairie Farmer:

When Guenon's theory of determining the value of milk cows by the growth of hair on their thighs above and adjacent to the bag, the idea was received with a good deal of skepticism. Time has wrought changes. At a late convention, by the legislative club of the State of New York, one of the speakers gave the evidence in regard to Guenon's theory:

"M. Guenon, a French writer, has discovered certain indications which he claims determine the milking qualities of cows. This he calls 'escutcheon'—being the hair which grows upwards (contrary to general rule) on the udder, thighs, and under parts of the body. It is easy to distinguish the escutcheons by the upward direction of the hair which forms them. I cannot go into detail here upon the system, but would refer to the work of M. Guenon itself. But to show that it is esteemed worthy of notice I will allude to the testimony of those who have given attention to it."

Mr. John Saxton, in a work published in 1859, entitled, 'How to choose a good Milk Cow,' in reference to the indication of a good milk cow, page 178, says: 'The writer has examined many hundreds of dairy cows in Britain, and the conclusion arrived at in regard to Mr. Guenon's test, of judging of the milking properties of a cow by the development of the escutcheon, is, in a very large majority of cases it is borne out by facts.'

In a London dairy, belonging to Mr. Riggs, 31 Edgware road, where about 400 cows are kept, and where nine-tenths of them are fine above average milkers, the development or upward growth of the hair on the posterior part of the udder, thighs and perineum, was too remarkable to be accounted for by accidental causes; as well might it be said that all other tests, such as length of head, softness and flexibility of skin, and wide quarters were accidental, and had no reference to the milking properties of a cow. When a phenomenon presents itself over and over again, accompanied in a majority of cases by certain results, we may be certain that it is not accidental, but natural; and while we may be unable to account for these results upon satisfactory grounds, it is neither philosophical nor prudent to deny or ignore the connection between the one and the other, and thus to forfeit the advantages which the fact itself is calculated to afford."

The late Mr. Phinney, of Massachusetts, a very careful and critical observer, made an examination of a large number of milk cows, and found in a majority of them that the escutcheon was developed in a large number of intelligent gentlemen when he was abroad in 1851, in Great Britain and France, and found but one opinion as to the general character of the animals which possessed these developments. And so far as we have learned the views of gentlemen in this country, who have given attention to the subject, the result has been the same.

"I think it may with safety be affirmed that all things being alike, as regards shape, color, and natural endowments, the best developed escutcheons will, in a large majority of cases, be found to be the best milkers, and above an average; while, on the other hand, those with very small escutcheons will be found under, or at most not above an average in their milking properties."

"In calves the escutcheons show the shapes which they are afterwards to assume. They are more connected, only because the parts which they cover are slightly developed. They are easily perceived after birth, and the hair which forms them is long, coarse and stiff; after this hair falls off, the escutcheons of calves resemble those of cows, though of less size. This will enable the farmer to save such calves as will probably serve him as good milkers."

How to prosper in Business.—Be not afraid to work with your hand, and diligently, too. "A cat in the glove catches no mice." Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another.

The name of the man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings is Sharp—as well as his practice.

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy." Seek not to raise the veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles of gladness.

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why may I not smoke as well as your chimney?" Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

He has quit smoking.

Sales of Land, &c.

THE FARM OF J. W. GILL.

LYING on the Shelbyville and Frankfort turnpike road, 15 miles east of Louisville, is offered for sale. It contains FIVE HUNDRED ACRES, nearly all adapted to the growth of hemp and 150 finely timbered, and well set in blue grass. Apply to the undersigned, on the premises.

Oct 31, 1855. J. W. GILL.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the premises whereon he now resides, containing TEN ACRES of ground, with the improvements, consisting of a very comfortable frame Dwelling, together with all requisite outbuildings, all in good repair; excellent water, shade and fruit trees, flowers, shrubbery, &c. The property is within five minutes walk of the Court House.

WM. A. JONES.

ROCKAWAY

FOR SALE.—The advertiser has a very excellent new ROCKAWAY for sale. Inquire of the undersigned, or at Willis's Blacksmith Shop.

L. W. SHAFFER.

NEGROES FOR SALE.

I HAVE a very valuable Negro Woman and Four Lively Children—three adult Boys—for sale. She is not sold for her beauty, but for her many male servants. She is not offered to a trader, at any price.

I will also sell her husband, or exchange him for another man; not desiring to separate the family.

L. W. DEPUY.

NOW IS THE TIME:

FOR SALE.—The subscriber desires to sell his FARM, situated in Shelby County, Ky., on Brushy's Creek, near Vandeville's Mill. It contains 162 acres, more or less; about 115 acres cleared, and a good state of cultivation; the balance in timber, a portion of which is well set in blue grass. The farm is well watered. The improvements are a good and comfortable Dwelling, negro houses, barn, and other necessary outbuildings; an Orchard of choice Fruit Trees, just beginning to bear, etc. The property will be sold for cash, or on time, on application on the premises to

N. C. BECKHAM.

SHELBY FARM

FOR SALE.—I want to sell MY FARM, situated on the Frankfort and Louisville turnpike, near Frankfort, Ky., containing about 150 acres of good land; 130 acres in a fine state of cultivation; the remainder being timbered with the best of the great. The improvements are good and well arranged. The farm is well watered and the fencing in good repair. I desire a purchaser who will take the property as it is, and will examine for themselves. Terms easy.

Sept 19. GEORGE PRICE.

BLOODED CATTLE.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder, ON THE 25th OF NOVEMBER, 1855, on the farm of Henry Conner, Ky., about

THIRTY HEAD OF BLOODED CATTLE,—consisting of Calves, Yearlings, two year olds, Cows and Bulls.—Three quarter, full blood and thorough breeds.

Also, a few fine BLOODED HOGS. Terms. A credit of 12 months will be given; purchasers to give bond and security before the property is removed.

JOHN C. AVERY.

PUBLIC SALE OF LAND.

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1855, will be sold, at Allen & Hinkle's store, at public sale, to the highest bidder, 25 lots of LAND, containing about 47 acres, adjoining lands of C. L. White, Geo. Langenfelder and Adam Hanna, on the waters of Bull, Clinch, and Muddy creeks, in Shelby County. The land is of the best quality of Shelby County, and in a fine state of cultivation; all under fence, and well watered.

Terms. One-half cash in hand; the balance in one year from day of sale. A lien to be retained until the purchase money is paid.

ROBERT LAWSON.

PUBLIC SALE!

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1855, will be sold, at the highest bidder, without reserve, at public sale, on the premises,

THE FARM, on which resides the late and much respected of Brushy's Creek, about 5 miles from Shelbyville, and containing about 300 acres of first rate land, all under fence—100 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation—60 or 70 acres of it is excellent hemp land; the residue is well set in blue grass. There is on the premises a comfortable Dwelling, in good repair, and other outbuildings; a well of fine water at the door, and an abundance of stock water on the premises; an apple orchard, &c. Also, at the same place, will be sold, at public sale, the following property:

ALL MY PERSONAL PROPERTY; Consisting of Horses—among which are some splendid brood mares, and harness horses; three yearling Mares, extra fine animals; 15 head of Cattle; 10 head of Hogs; Hemp, Oats and Hay in the stack; 4000 bushels of Corn; the purchaser of the corn can have, if he desires it, a field to feed it in. Household and Kitchen Furniture; Farming Utensils; a Wagon; Gear; &c. Terms. The terms of sale of the land (which will be made known at the time of sale) shall govern the sale of the personal property. The personal property will be sold on a credit of 12 months for all sums over \$10—purchasers giving bond and approval. Sums of \$10 and under cash in hand. No property to be removed from the premises until the terms of sale are complied with.

Sale